

MURITANA



Nature's Cure

It positively gives any woman, or child Perfect Digestion—the kind of digestion that New Life.

of all sickness and all disorders of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Lungs, Nerves, Brain, and is caused by improper work of the

Stomach

It makes the Stomach

Heart Right, Lungs Right, Blood Right, Kidneys Right, Nerves Right, Health Right.

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man, but it takes something finer, something better and something more charming to attract a woman, and to make her a friend. In all the history of the world there is nothing so fine as the friendship of women; whether it be given to men, or whether it be given to women, it stands out magnificent, unselfish, sympathetic and Christlike—when it is the right kind of friendship. You will remember that to Him who was without sin, the joy, the beauty and the sympathy of friendship was known, and that it was a woman who was a friend, who stood by Mary watching until the tragedy of the cross had ended, and waiting until the glory of the resurrection had begun.

X Rays and Lacing.

Queen Amelia of Portugal, who, as every one knows, is a qualified doctor, has perceived that X rays might be utilized to demonstrate the evils of tight lacing. She has taken photographs of some of the ladies of her court and has been holding forth energetically concerning the contrast between the feminine form divine and the form as it appears when 'improved' by the modern corset. One is sorry to hear that her majesty's well meant efforts have not met with much encouragement from her courtiers. Some of the fair rebels have even gone so far as to flatterly refuse to be photographed. If the queen perseveres, however, she will doubtless be able to regulate the size of waists, just as the Princess of Wales has killed many an injudicious mode by refusing to adopt it. To make a thing 'bad form' is far more effective than to seek to crush it by decrees or discredits by arguments. In England the custom of 'squeezing' received its deathblow when the Duchess of York was married and the curious world was informed that the waist of her wedding gown measured 36 inches. Her figure is beautifully proportioned, a fact which no one can look at her and deny.—New York Recorder.

Coming Skirt Styles.

Among indications that hint of autumn styles are skirts ornamented around the foot by narrow bands of velvet put on flat. Others are encircled by similar bands to the height of six or seven inches. This fashion of velvet on worsted goods promises to be a winter feature, for still other skirts are seen having quilts and points of velvet, likewise on bodices, in the form of square or round boleros, and motifs variously disposed, with lace or embroidery composing revers or flat coquilles. In fact, velvet ornamentation of costumes both dark and light seems to be the one thing that is fully decided. The newer form of sleeve, in which a tight, close portion is opposed by a bouffant arrangement, gives an excellent opportunity for combination of goods.

To Polish Furniture.

The best and easiest way of polishing furniture which has become dull is to make a ball of rags, finally tying it up tightly in a piece of soft flannel. This should be slightly sprinkled with linseed oil; over it tie a cloth rag, on which put a few drops of spirits of wine. Rub all the woodwork quickly with this prepared material and polish quickly as you proceed with a soft silk or flannel rag. Both the oil and the spirit should be used sparingly, as they would otherwise moisten the wood too much and produce stains, but if the operation is briskly done according to these instructions, no polish, however elaborate, will bring about the same brightness.

Marshmallow Cake.

Make the layers of any white cake recipe. For filling dissolve one-half pound gum Arabic in one pint of water, strain and mix in one-half pound powdered sugar. Set over a moderate fire, and stir until a thick syrup is made; take from the fire and add carefully the beaten whites of four eggs; stir until it thickens, and will not stick to the fingers. Flavor and set aside to cool. Spread between the layers when cool.

Salted Potatoes.

Blanch by pouring boiling water over them and rubbing the skins off with a rough cloth. When dry measure them, and over each cupful pour a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Let stand for an hour, then sprinkle a tablespoonful of salt over each cupful. Spread them out on a pan and put them in the oven until brown.

To Clean White Woolen Shawls.

Put the shawl dry into an earthenware pan, and sprinkle it well with dry flour. Then take the shawl in both hands, and rub it lightly all over. After it has been well rubbed, shake it thoroughly until the flour is well out of it, and repeat the process twice, when the shawl will look equal to new.

It will be interesting news to the ladies

that a cargo of 30,000 seal skins has arrived at San Francisco. That long-promised saque may come to time next winter.

Women are not the only ones who are

sensitive about their ages. A man doesn't like to be told that he is getting old. Health keeps a man young. It doesn't make any difference if he has lived eighty years, he will be hale and hearty and won't look within twenty years as old as he is. Good digestion and rich, red blood make people look youthful and healthy. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes rich, red blood. It makes healthy in the right way. It works according to the right theory, and in 30 years of practice, it has proved that the theory is absolutely correct. It begins at the beginning—begins by putting the stomach, liver and bowels into perfect order, but it begins its good work on the blood before it finishes with the digestive system. It searches out disease germs wherever they may be, and forces them out of the body. All druggists keep the 'Discovery.'

Dayoff is the name of a candidate for

superintendent in Reno county, Kansas. The school children ought to turn out and work for that man.

Think It Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

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UNRIVALED IN ALL THE WORLD.

Lieut.-Governor of Vermont Made Well by the Great Conqueror of Disease, Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Known and Honored All Over the United States, Famous Brigadier General Thomas, Lieut.-Governor of Vermont, Tells Those Who Desire to Get Well that Dr. Greene's Nervura is the Medicine Which Will Surely Cure Them.

The honored Lieut.-Governor of a great state has been cured by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

Dr. Greene's Nervura is the medicine which always cures.

Who can doubt this after reading of its wonderful cure of Gen. Thomas, Lieut.-Governor of Vermont, given in the illustrious soldier-statesman's own words. General Thomas, who resides in Montpelier, Vt., is one of the foremost figures in America to-day. From state Representative he became Senator, and afterwards Judge of Probate, and then made Brigadier-General. He was commissioned by President Grant Pension Agent for Vermont, and elected by the people Lieutenant-Governor of the state.

Here is what this man of eminence says of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and of his cure by the use of this wonderful medicine:

"I am pleased at this opportunity to add my testimonial to the worth of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve

remedy. The eighty-six years of life's journey left its touch upon me in the form of rheumatic pains. I have found benefit and relief from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura and give my permission to publish this letter for others' good."

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy will cure you just so surely as you take it.

It will certainly make you well and strong. It is by far the greatest and best medicine in the world to-day and has a record of cures unparalleled in the history of medical science.

The ablest physicians everywhere recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura as the one remedy sure to cure, the one restorative absolutely certain to replace weakness and disease by health and strength.

And now the Lieut.-Governor of Vermont speaks to the people from his high official position, and for the good of all who are sick, suffering or out of health, tells what this most marvelous medicine of the age, Dr. Greene's Nervura, has done for him and advises all to use it

and be restored to health.

Now is your golden opportunity to get well. Now it is for you to decide whether you will remain in your condition of weakness and ill-health, or be cured as you surely can be, by this grand restorer of strength and vigor, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy.

You cannot afford to be sick; you owe it to your friends, to your family, to yourself, to get well, and here, right at your hand, is the means to once more make you strong, energetic and robust, to give you again the sturdy power of sound vigor and perfect health. Try Dr. Greene's Nervura. You will never regret it.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is not a so-called patent medicine, but the discovery of the most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases. Dr. Greene of 34 Temple Place, Boston, Mass., who can be consulted, free of charge, personally or by letter.

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A BRILLIANT WRITER WHO IS ACHIEVING A WIDE REPUTATION.

An Impressive Statement—Women of Societies—The New Woman Will Wed.

Latest Bridal Wardrobes—A Case For Consideration—Seasonable Hints.

Among the many prominent and capable women enjoying prominence in the literary and newspaper world of to-day is Mrs. Lollie Belle Wylie. Though born in a French seaport town on the coast of the gulf of Mexico, in south Alabama, she has been reared and educated in Atlanta and did her first literary work here. Though her poems and literary compositions have been published in the north and west, she is claimed as an Atlanta genius and is prominent among a galaxy of local stars. When very young, she married Mr. Hart Wylie, the eldest son of Mr. James R. Wylie of this city, and it was not until her widowhood, after three years of married life, that she had made any efforts toward developing her present talent. Young and inexperienced, she started forth with that determination that characterizes her daily success and soon established herself as a first-class writer.

In these days of women's clubs and societies it is well to remember the great truth that whatever is worth doing is worth doing well. When a woman is a member of six charitable societies, she is apt to be the kind of member that always excuses herself from any hard work upon the committees, by saying, "I belong to so many societies, you see, that I really can't undertake extra work." She is quite right in one way, for to keep up with the meetings of six societies is as much as the ordinary woman who has her ordinary duties besides can possibly accomplish. But she is entirely wrong, on the other hand, in belonging to so many when she is useful in none. "The man of one book" has always been recognized as a formidable power; "the woman of one society" is equally needed.

"This one thing I do" is the motto of those who lay foundations and build over their shoulders. "I had rather have Mrs. Wylie on my committee than any other woman in the club," said one wise organizer. "She is not so clever or so widely known as some other members, perhaps, but she has good, clear judgment, and her time and interest are not scattered among 40 other things, as theirs are. She will come to every committee meeting, in the first place, and not have half a dozen conflicting engagements, and when she goes home she will think about it all without being preoccupied by the business matters of any other organization, which is an advantage that cannot be overestimated."

Another equally wise worker, when elected to the presidency of an important society, immediately resigned from two other organizations in which she had been a member so as to give her whole mind to the larger work, and the result fully justified her decision. It is less necessary, in fact, in these crowded times to widen usefulness than to deepen it, and truly, unless we are remarkably endowed with energy and power, most of us soon spread our usefulness out so thin that its very existence is problematical.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The New Woman Will Wed.

Dr. Lyman Abbott believes in coeducation. At least he says that the main argument against the mingling of the sexes at college is that "they are apt to fall in love and get married, and that he asserted in a recent after dinner speech to the Oberlin college alumni, "is a thing of which I heartily approve. I fell in love and got married myself, and I think it was the best thing I ever did. Indeed, if I were addressing undergraduates I am not sure but that I would advise them to elect the study of human nature with one tutor each."

The new woman does not trouble Dr. Abbott either. "While I do not care to see women rushing into the professions," he said, "and becoming stenographers, lawyers, doctors, reporters, and what not, yet I would by no means debar them from that privilege if they so desire. I would have them free to choose for themselves. The idea of forcing them into the home is absurd. I do not make moral women in order to marry them, then they'd better be old bachelors. But I believe that social problems will be so worked out before many years that men will be the sole breadwinners, and women will take that place for which they are so well suited and in which they are happy—that of homemakers and housekeepers."

For myself, I want to say that whatever of fame has come to me or whatever I have accomplished is due to the wisdom, counsel and inspiration of that angel that has walked by my side. I feel sure, too, that she rejoices more in

any honors that have come to me than if they had been bestowed upon herself."

Bridal Wardrobes.

One of the most important events in a woman's life is decidedly her wedding day, and, as most women mean to marry but once, that one wedding dress must make a bright spot in the memory of a lifetime.

The stunning wedding gown is always white. This year it is white satin. It is made with a full skirt, wreathed in Irish point lace, with a nice long train. The bodice is usually made with a fall of lace and wide revers. The sleeves are moderately large and trimmed in lace. The neck is high and massed in lace, and the veil is draped in Russian style, from a wreath of orange blossoms at the crown of the head.

Shower bouquets of roses, sweet peas, orchids and carnations are in vogue, and lately a southern belle started the fashion for jasmine flowers.

A very handsome reticule to be used with a bride's traveling gown is made of violet tinted leather, decorated in framework of Japanese tortoise shell work and lined with a pale buttercup silk. This is made after the heart design and is carried on the arm.

A handsome going away gown can be fashioned of pearl taffeta silk and pearl veiling net. The tight fitting Jockey XV coat is very pretty for this occasion, with our folks and he is going until they went. The strange man grabbed for him, and he dodged him time and again with all his native grace and agility. This was something like it; it was indeed for the first time, the chase; it was ruining the sermon. Our Dog was sorry to see him go and sit down; he stood at a distance and looked at him, as if to say, "Well, ain't you going to it again?"

Then, in an innocent and touching ignorance that he was violating all the proprieties of time and place, our Dog went boldly up on the pulpit stairs where our minister was preaching, and stood amidst the congregation, and indeed, he appropriated much of that congregation's attention to himself. He stood there and surveyed that audience with a confidence and assurance which, it is a wonder to think of, he had never before been better than gold or diamonds. He didn't care. He smelt of the minister. He thought he'd try and see if the latter were in a mood for any sociability. No; he was using the very words of the text. The stupidity and silence of all this crowd of people who sat there and looked at him puzzled our Dog.

He could see no sense in it. Some of the girls smiled and he stood there; seemingly those smiles were for him. But so soon as he reciprocated the apparent attention, so soon as he made for them, the smiles would vanish, the faces become solemn. And so at last, with a yawn, our Dog flung himself on the aisle floor, laid his head on his forepaws and counted over the beef bones he had buried during the last week. Not a word of the sermon touched him; it went clear over his head.

A Case For Consideration.

In Michigan Mrs. Morehouse was lately nominated for state superintendent of public instruction by the Prohibitionists. The attorney general of Michigan has filed an opinion that under the constitution of that state a woman is ineligible to a state office. He is also of opinion that a woman cannot legally hold an office for which she cannot vote.

The point that a woman cannot hold a state office in Michigan may, perhaps, be well taken, as the constitution of Michigan is peculiarly rigid. But the general principle that a woman cannot hold an office for which she cannot vote is wholly untenable. Naturalized citizens vote for president of the United States, yet only a native born citizen can be president. The office of state superintendent of public instruction is at present held by a woman, not only in Wyoming and in Colorado, where women vote, but also in North Dakota, where they do not.

Meanwhile those who say that the lack of suffrage entails no practical grievance on women are invited to consider this case in Michigan. Here is a woman arbitrarily debarred from a position which she is abundantly competent to hold, and which is acceptably held by women in other states, simply because under the constitution of Michigan that position must be held by a voter.—Boston Woman's Journal.

Woman Presidential Elector.

One of the three presidential electors nominated by the recent Wyoming Republican state convention is Mrs. Sarah Malloy of Laramie county. Mrs. Malloy, who has accepted the nomination, is the wife of Larry Malloy, superintendent of the Wyoming division of the United Pacific railroad. She was born near Columbus, O., and has lived in Wyoming since 1870. She has always been a Republican, and votes in opposition to her husband, who is a Democrat. Mrs. Malloy has served as a delegate at county conventions and is well informed upon the current political questions of the day. To a reporter she said she did not seek political honors, and would not accept the present one against the wishes of her husband or if it duties interfered with those of her home or family. It is, however, she thinks, the duty of women in states where suffrage has been granted them to perform such duties as may be assigned them when they do not conflict with the higher duties of the family and home. Mrs. Malloy has four children, the oldest 18 years of age.—Denver Republican.

A new riding habit for fall wear is of bottle green ladies' cloth, with rather tight sleeves. The cuffs, collar and immense revers are all edged with neat gold braid and trimmed with tiny gilt buttons.

A little sperm oil or gum arabic added to boiled starch will be found to effect a great improvement when starched pieces come to be ironed. A little salt

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Young Folks' Column.

"OUR DOG IN CHURCH."

He was a little flustered on first entering the chapel—so many people there, and all sitting so quiet. In this way there was something awesome for our Dog, and when out of this unnatural quiet they rose suddenly to sing, our Dog was frightened and would have run out of doors, only the doors were closed. He soon recovered himself. They were only folks after all—such as he saw every day in street and house.

He began to recognize one after another. He tried to get up a little sociability with them, but they took little or no notice of him. Every body seemed strangely constrained and altered. Our Dog is a pet, and this cut him. But his is a self-reliant, uncooperative nature, so he threw himself on his own resources for amusement. He was delightfully ignorant of the proprieties of church or church service. The choir is

KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.

new post office at Gardiner is now open for occupancy.

Westley, a young man, (Ken's Hill) fell from a tree a large number of students at the school at Gardiner, and was killed.

Mr. Jones, while working on the farm in Randolph, Wednesday, was killed by a cow.

C. Libby is to construct a new building in his place at Waterbury.

Fred Fogg of South Paris has met with a severe loss in the death of his son, George, King George.

Manson G. Larabee, the well known dry goods dealer of Portland, has been killed by a horse.

Mrs. Sanford B. Dole, the wife of President Dole of the Hawaiian republic, is on a visit to her native place, Castine.

A patent has been granted to Wm. Thurlow of Green's Landing on new plates for baskets.

The cannery factory at Bass Harbor has resumed work putting up clams.

Wm. H. Bailey of Auburn has received a despatch from the death of his son, John, at Buffalo, Colorado.

The annual encampment of the department of Maine, Union Veterans' Post No. 1, will be held in Auburn, October 25.

F. E. Stone has been appointed Postmaster at Berwick, vice Horace B. Tibbets, and Wm. Prilly at East Dixmont, vice John T. Porter.

Patents have been granted to Charles V. Richards of Skowhegan for a waist band support, and Charles D. Curtis of Portland for an insect powder distributor.

Lewis Ingles of Machias was found dead in bed, Wednesday morning. He was 83 years old, and son of Major Ebenezer Ingles of Machias, a soldier of the Revolution.

By the death of an uncle in California, Frank W. Wardwell of Portland, will inherit some \$200,000. Mr. Wardwell is the only male heir in the entire family. The bulk of the above amounts is in real estate.

F. W. Rogers of Parkman attempted to commit suicide by taking Paris green. There is little doubt but that he will recover. Mr. Rogers is about 27 years of age and married. It is said that troubles in his domestic affairs led him to make the rash attempt on his life.

Thomas P. Hutchinson of Machias died Saturday after a long illness. He was captain of Company B, 25th regiment, in the civil war. Charles Cox of East Machias died Friday. He was orderly in the same company and regiment.

William Henry Foster, a Maine war veteran, died Thursday, of heart disease at his home, 11 Williams avenue, Hyde Park, Mass. He was born in Norway, May 14, 1822, and served four years in the army, enlisting in 1862. Five children and a wife survive him.

C. B. Thompson of Morrill lost quite a valuable mare recently, shot while in the pasture with a two month colt by her side. Mr. Thompson does not know that he has an enemy in the world, and assumes that the shooting was accidental, but it was none the less unfortunate.

Edward Graffam, best remembered as the principal government witness in the Lewis trial for the murder of Byron G. Coburn, and who was arrested last June on the charge of attempted criminal assault on his wife's sister, Almira A. Lowell of Gorham, was before the Cumberland Superior Court, Wednesday. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

A small grand stand collapsed at the fair in Cherryfield, Wednesday afternoon, when 5000 people were on the grounds. One hundred people were precipitated in the mass, a dozen receiving broken bones.

A fine, large brood mare with 4-months foal by her side, was injured by Capt. John Berry, Monmouth. This colt is by Barrymore 2:38, dam by Whalebone Knox.

Mr. B. F. Fairbanks of Winthrop, the long time owner of Whalebone Knox, had his Black Hawk Vermont stallion Barrymore on the ground. Barrymore has a 5-year-old record of 2:38, is 10 years old, weighs 1000 pounds, and stands 15-2.

This stallion traces five times to Black Hawk in the barn, enabling the judge by Markman by son of Rexford's Black Hawk, third in descent from Vermont Black Hawk; dam by Ford's Black Hawk. This stallion is coal black, without marks.

A good looking family driver was shown by C. P. Swift of Wayne, by Redwood Boone, and a good driver.

L. A. Bartlett of Belgrade had some good horse stock on the ground. He had out a large brood mare with colt one month old by Wilkesmont, dam by Echo.

Mr. Bartlett had also two 2-year-olds, a filly by Nelson's Wilkes, and a yearling by Puritan's Wilkes. Also a yearling by Nelson's Wilkes, all a good lot.

The fine imported Cleveland bay stallion, Scampton Electricity, was shown by Frank Beck of Augusta, bred by Lord Cleveland 110, dam by County King.

J. E. Black of Readfield showed his handsome 3-year-old gelding by son of Tom Paten, dam by Chandler's Knox, bred by Gen. Knox. This colt is curiously marked—black with strip and white nose, four white feet and ankles.

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Baker Pill Co., Bangor, Me.

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Items of Maine News.

This is a famous year for sword fish along the Maine coast.

Capt. F. H. Barker has had a fine boat built for the Rangeley Lake business.

The new Portland theatre is expected to be opened in December, and to be completed in March.

Frank B. Fogg of South Paris has met with a severe loss in the death of his son, George, King George.

Manson G. Larabee, the well known dry goods dealer of Portland, has been killed by a horse.

Mrs. Sanford B. Dole, the wife of President Dole of the Hawaiian republic, is on a visit to her native place, Castine.

A patent has been granted to Wm. Thurlow of Green's Landing on new plates for baskets.

The cannery factory at Bass Harbor has resumed work putting up clams.

Wm. H. Bailey of Auburn has received a despatch from the death of his son, John, at Buffalo, Colorado.

The annual encampment of the department of Maine, Union Veterans' Post No. 1, will be held in Auburn, October 25.

F. E. Stone has been appointed Postmaster at Berwick, vice Horace B. Tibbets, and Wm. Prilly at East Dixmont, vice John T. Porter.

Patents have been granted to Charles V. Richards of Skowhegan for a waist band support, and Charles D. Curtis of Portland for an insect powder distributor.

Lewis Ingles of Machias was found dead in bed, Wednesday morning. He was 83 years old, and son of Major Ebenezer Ingles of Machias, a soldier of the Revolution.

By the death of an uncle in California, Frank W. Wardwell of Portland, will inherit some \$200,000. Mr. Wardwell is the only male heir in the entire family. The bulk of the above amounts is in real estate.

F. W. Rogers of Parkman attempted to commit suicide by taking Paris green. There is little doubt but that he will recover. Mr. Rogers is about 27 years of age and married. It is said that troubles in his domestic affairs led him to make the rash attempt on his life.

Thomas P. Hutchinson of Machias died Saturday after a long illness. He was captain of Company B, 25th regiment, in the civil war. Charles Cox of East Machias died Friday. He was orderly in the same company and regiment.

William Henry Foster, a Maine war veteran, died Thursday, of heart disease at his home, 11 Williams avenue, Hyde Park, Mass. He was born in Norway, May 14, 1822, and served four years in the army, enlisting in 1862. Five children and a wife survive him.

C. B. Thompson of Morrill lost quite a valuable mare recently, shot while in the pasture with a two month colt by her side. Mr. Thompson does not know that he has an enemy in the world, and assumes that the shooting was accidental, but it was none the less unfortunate.

Edward Graffam, best remembered as the principal government witness in the Lewis trial for the murder of Byron G. Coburn, and who was arrested last June on the charge of attempted criminal assault on his wife's sister, Almira A. Lowell of Gorham, was before the Cumberland Superior Court, Wednesday. The jury returned a verdict of guilty.

A small grand stand collapsed at the fair in Cherryfield, Wednesday afternoon, when 5000 people were on the grounds. One hundred people were precipitated in the mass, a dozen receiving broken bones.

A fine, large brood mare with 4-months foal by her side, was injured by Capt. John Berry, Monmouth. This colt is by Barrymore 2:38, dam by Whalebone Knox.

Mr. B. F. Fairbanks of Winthrop, the long time owner of Whalebone Knox, had his Black Hawk Vermont stallion Barrymore on the ground. Barrymore has a 5-year-old record of 2:38, is 10 years old, weighs 1000 pounds, and stands 15-2.

This stallion traces five times to Black Hawk in the barn, enabling the judge by Markman by son of Rexford's Black Hawk, third in descent from Vermont Black Hawk; dam by Ford's Black Hawk. This stallion is coal black, without marks.

A good looking family driver was shown by C. P. Swift of Wayne, by Redwood Boone, and a good driver.

L. A. Bartlett of Belgrade had some good horse stock on the ground. He had out a large brood mare with colt one month old by Wilkesmont, dam by Echo.

Mr. Bartlett had also two 2-year-olds, a filly by Nelson's Wilkes, and a yearling by Puritan's Wilkes. Also a yearling by Nelson's Wilkes, all a good lot.

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The Kennebec and Boston steamers continue to do a large business.

Merit

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is a medicine cures you when sick; it is a tonic cures you when weak; it is a purifier cures you when impure; it is a blood purifier cures you when diseased; it is a life-giver cures you when dead; it is a wonder cures you when all else fails.

The score of the prize winners in both classes is given above. The sample made by the little girl 8 years old was the finest in flavor of any butter in the show.

The contributions of cheese were not as numerous as at some other time, but were, as usual, of high merit. Samples were shown by:

Mrs. C. H. Dodge, Fayette; Mrs. C. W. Haskell, East Livermore; Mrs. J. W. Penney, Belgrade; Mrs. J. F. Davis, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Sewall Pettengill, Wayne; Miss Blanche Pettengill, Wayne; Mrs. L. D. Noyes, Mt. Vernon; Mrs. Daniel Lund, Readfield.

The attendance at the fair on Wednesday was large, the day was comfortable—no dust, no dirt—there were interesting races, and all hands seemed to enjoy themselves. During the night following rain came on, and Thursday morning opened foggy and wet, and the exhibition with its further exercises was carried over to Friday.

On Friday morning the annual address was delivered by J. H. Manley of Augusta. The grand stand was filled with interested listeners, and he held their closest attention throughout.

President Norcross is serving a second year and makes an efficient leader in conducting the exhibition. With able assistants in all departments, everything runs without friction and on time.

Farm and Garden Products. In this line of products the exhibit embraced best collection and individual entries combining some 20 varieties of vegetables. For the former the premiums were divided as follows \$4, \$3, \$2, \$1; for the latter, \$1, 75c, 50c, 25c, and 10c.

Among the collection of vegetables that of E. R. Mayo of Manchester and M. A. Mayo, occupied the whole of one center in the hall. This was a fine exhibit and shows what may be done by intelligence and skill in cultivation of our common vegetables. With this exhibit was a large collection of shaves of grass and grain.

Another fine exhibit in this line was made from Robinson's Farm, Winthrop. Mrs. M. L. Robbins. This included fine squash, sweet corn, cabbage and other vegetables.

Mrs. P. W. Haskell of East Livermore had some nice looking melons; J. B. Mayhew, Readfield a lot of handsome potatoes.

Headley C. Blake had another nice collection of vegetables, embracing a large number of varieties. H. A. Dexter, Wayne, had a collection of squash and cabbage; F. L. Robinson, Mt. Vernon, onions; John Hatch, Winthrop, potatoes; Chase E. Fogg, Readfield, a collection of 8 pumpkins.

A good looking sample of evaporated apples was shown by Walter E. Keith, Winthrop. John Henderson of Readfield had good samples of pea pumpkin and squash and two samples of potatoes. F. Beas, also Dolly and Folsom of Readfield contributed to the pumpkin show.

Hubbard saws were shown by J. T. Leach and John W. Manter and J. W. Manter, Jr.; nice melons, sweet and yellow corn were shown by F. L. Robinson, and W. S. O. Elliott. Myles Williams of Mt. Vernon set up a table sample of "Early" Dent corn stalk, reaching to the second floor of the building.

A notable improvement is seen in the neatness and care bestowed in preparing and arranging the samples in this department as compared with a few years ago. There is no reason why vegetables shown at fair should not be as clean and as carefully arranged as fruits and flowers.

Nearly all the exhibits were very creditable in this regard.

Baby Show. The baby show came off Wednesday. Babies were brought to compete for the prizes by the following: Mrs. Esther Hunt, Readfield; Mrs. A. M. Lovejoy, Wayne; Mrs. F. M. Wadleigh, Readfield; Mrs. A. H. Webb, Winthrop; Mrs. M. Spiller, Fayette; Mrs. J. D. Lovejoy, North Wayne; Mrs. W. C. Miller, Augusta; Mrs. Yeaton, Belgrade. Mrs. W. C. Miller of Augusta, took the first prize; Mrs. D. A. Wells of Wayne, second; and Mrs. M. Wadleigh of Readfield, third.

The two year old Cleveland Bays—1st, Chase E. Fogg, Readfield; 2nd, Chase E. Fogg, Readfield; 3rd, Chase E. Fogg, Readfield.

One year old colts—1st, Chase E. Fogg, Readfield.

Display standard—1st, E. R. Mayo; 2nd, C. M. Weston; 3rd, M. C. Norcross. Plums—1st, C. M. Weston & Sons; 2nd, C. H. Weston & Sons; 3rd, M. C. Norcross. Peas—1st, C. M. Weston & Sons; 2nd, H. Lock, Belgrade; 3rd, M. C. Norcross. Cranberries—1st, C. Grover, Winthrop; 2nd, A. H. Loughton, Winthrop.

Preserves—1st, Mrs. Frances Hoyt, Winthrop; 2nd, Mrs. J. Penney, Belgrade; 3rd, Mrs. J. Penney, Belgrade. Jellies—1st, Mrs. Frances Hoyt, Winthrop; 2nd, Mrs. J. Penney, Belgrade; 3rd, Mrs. J. Penney, Belgrade. Maple syrup—1st, Mrs. M. T. Jones, Fayette; 2nd, Mrs. M. A. Black, Winthrop.

Four years old and older—Barrymore, entered by G. B. Fairbanks, Winthrop, received first prize. Barrymore, entered by G. B. Fairbanks, Winthrop, received first prize. Barrymore, entered by G. B. Fairbanks, Winthrop, received first prize.

For stallions 4 years old, J. E. Wells of North Wayne, received first prize. Stallions, 3 years old and under, Commodore Nelson, owned by Currier & Nelson, Bangor; 2nd, Rex Wilkes, owned by G. J. M. Ridley, Oakland.

BROOD MARES AND COLTS. Brood mares with foal by her side—1st, Mollie Gail, owned by L. B. Berry, North Monmouth; 2nd, Phoebe, owned by L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade; 3rd, Phoebe, owned by L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 4th, Daisy, owned by J. O. Berry, Winthrop.

Brood mares—1st, C. E. Fogg, Readfield; 2nd, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade; 3rd, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 4th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 5th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 6th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 7th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 8th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 9th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 10th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 11th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 12th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 13th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 14th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 15th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 16th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 17th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 18th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 19th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 20th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 21st, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 22nd, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 23rd, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 24th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 25th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 26th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 27th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 28th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 29th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 30th, L. A. Bartlett, Belgrade. 31st, L. A. 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Poetry.

MEMORIES OF HIM.
BY FRANK L. STANTON.
There are such memories of him
About the place, my eyes grow dim
With sudden tears when'er I see
The mischief that he made for me—
The hand torn from my nearest foe
And leave from Shakespeare on the moat.
Such memories of him abound
With tears and smiles I grieve around
The littered room strewn with his toys,
But no more echoing with the noise
Of his dear feet, "Where was the art
Of him who climbed straight to my heart?"
His mother's sweet garments tossed
And tumbled, all their beauty lost,
And here an album of old place,
And there a sadly broken vase,
And there the sorrowing sunlight shines
Through tumbled northward glory vines.
Would he were here, with his sweet looks,
He might have all my dearest books
To tear in tatters—Shakespeare, all,
For just his lightest footstep's fall,
For what his Shakespeare to the kiss
And clinking of the one I miss?

THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.
Though life may seem a pathless mystery,
Is there no star which shineth in the night
With blessed promise that the coming light
Will prove our wondrous hope a verity?
Are tearful eyes so blinded that they see
No promise of an after life?
Impaled in just that hope men feel, despite
The fact which some deny, that death must
be?

Doth thou believe in God? Call not on death,
But call on Him who, risen from the grave,
Has fought with death and conquered in
the strife:
For He indeed—the Giver of our breath—
Can tell no lie, who the assurance gave,
"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"

Our Story Teller.

A FAIRY OMNIBUS.

I think everybody gets a touch of romance some time in his life. The green glade of olden days is probably replaced by a busy street, your armor clad knight by a city man in a frock coat and silk hat, your distressed damsel is a practical, level headed, energetic little typewriter, perhaps. The actors are changed, the scene is changed, but, believe me, the element of romance is just the same as it was in the days of chivalry.
Now, I dare say you would scarcely believe that a bald headed, middle aged, stout old soldier like me, getting every day more engrossed in business, and more and more apt to be a trifle crusty in my temper, owing to a tiresome liver—was ever sufficiently "interesting" to play the part of a modern knight errant. Let me tell you all about it, and how it ended. It's commonplace enough, I know, and I dare say most of you have gone through something similar, but if it does nothing else it may perhaps serve to stir up pleasant memories.
I had nearly completed my articles, and was reading hard for my "final," when one morning the firm told me to go to a client who was ill and take instructions for his will.
She was an old maiden lady living in Paddington, and our people had transacted all her business for her for some thirty or forty years.
It was a wet day—one of those days that get from time to time in London, when you feel as if you would like to go to bed and not get up again until things have changed.
Holborn was like a little river, and the traffic stopped and splashed along in a way that made you feel damp even to watch.
I stood on the curbstone waiting for a chance to cross without being smothered with mud, when I noticed a girl standing near me. She, too, was trying to cross.
It was very funny to see her. She was evidently from the country, and didn't at all understand the London traffic. Three times she started, and three times she turned back in despair.
I watched her with interest. There was an amusing expression of good tempered misery on her face. She was pretty—very pretty—and daintily dressed, and—well, I seized my opportunity like an article clerk who is worth his salt is bound to do.
"Excuse me," I said, raising my hat, "but I think you want to cross the road."
She looked rather startled.
"I think I shall get on all right," she answered, "if you would kindly tell me when to start."
"Suppose we try together? Give me your arm."
She did not give me her arm. I took it, and we started on our pilgrimage. In and out the cabs and omnibuses I guided her safely until we got to about the middle of the road, which, as you know, is very wide opposite Farringham's inn. Suddenly she limped and gave a funny little hop.
"I'm very sorry," she said, laughing, "but I'm afraid my shoe has come off. It stuck in the mud."
I looked around. Sure enough, a few yards behind was a shoe lying in the mud, looking very lonely and getting horribly wet.
"Can you stand here for a moment," I said, "while I fetch it?"
I left her there, standing on one foot, with the tip of a little stockinged toe just touching the ground to steady her.
A cab driver who happened to pass found the situation amusing and said so candidly, but I'm prepared to say that I managed to get a grave face. The shoe was such a small one that I marvelled how a human being could ever get it on, much less get it off again.
Now a saint from heaven can't put a lady's shoe on for her without seeing her ankle. I didn't try to. I thoroughly enjoyed that little ankle and lingered over the task with becoming solemnity in spite of the weather.
At last we were ready to start again.
"It was very kind of you not to laugh at me," she said, with a little blush. "I must have looked very silly, standing there on one foot."
"You looked very charming," I said, with a young man's bluntness.
I landed her safely on the path, and she thanked me.
I asked her if I could be of any further service. She thought not. She only wanted to get into a Paddington bus, and then she would be quite safe.
Now I wanted a Paddington bus, but I didn't say so. As soon as one came up I stopped it, put her inside and went on top myself.
Perhaps you will think me quixotic for going outside in such miserable weather. Well, I believe you would have done the same thing after all. You see, I was afraid she might think I was peering her if I followed her inside.

It looked rather like taking advantage of a trifling service, and I was at that age when a man would rather have romantic fever than sacrifice the good opinion of a pretty girl. Things are different now—I'm a married man.
But, bless your heart, you can't escape destiny by getting outside an omnibus. I hadn't been up there three minutes, the rain had only just commenced to soak through the knees of my trousers and trickle down my legs, when the conductor came up with a significant grin on his face.
"If you please, sir," he said, "there's a young lady inside wants to speak to you."

I climbed down the ladder with which buses in those days were furnished. There she sat in the corner, half smiling, half blushing. There was nobody else inside.
"Won't you get wet if you go outside?" she said.
"I was afraid you might think I was a nuisance," I answered.
"I guessed as much," she said frankly. "But it would be a very poor return for your kindness if I drove you into consumption."

I think that upon the whole that was the most delightful bus drive in my experience. The conversation flowed in a torrent, and I believe we exchanged as many confidences and opinions in half an hour as some people do in a lifetime. It was wonderful. It was like touching by accident the hidden spring of some secret door which opened into a new atmosphere, a new fairland. We were more like old friends than chance acquaintances, and it seemed as if neither could tell the other too much. Points of agreement and disagreement were noted eagerly. We had read the same books, visited the same places, and wherever we turned there was new ground of sympathy.
She had only been in London a week and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.
But at this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.
Only too soon we reached the place where I had decided to alight. We shook hands warmly and thanked each other rather vaguely and nervously, and then I found myself once more on a nasty, wet London pavement.
I had had a glimpse of fairland, but it was only a glimpse. I was back again in the practical, uncomfortable world, with a living to be earned and a will to make.

The gates of fairland were closed, for, like a donkey, I had omitted to find out the fairy's name and where she lived.
It seemed impossible to bring one's mind back to the legal subtleties of willmaking, but it had to be done, and I trudged heavily on my way to our client's house, finding, to my infinite disgust, that I had got out of the omnibus much sooner than I need have done.
Imagine my surprise when, on reaching the house and being shown into the dining room, I found there the heroine of this little story.

That settled it.
I felt that heaven had decided I was to marry that young lady, and I formed the pious intention then and there of giving heaven every possible assistance and made such a delightful hash of her aunt's will that it required some six or seven visits to put matters straight.
Curiously enough, though, from the moment we met in the home her friendliness ceased. Every time I came she was more cold and distant, and I was almost in despair. The conversation which had flowed so merrily in an uncomfortable omnibus seemed impossible over the dining room fire, and she refused to go beyond the most commonplace civilities.
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STOPPED IN TIME.

At the time of which I am writing I was living in seclusion in a small town about 30 miles north of London. I was engaged in rather a large literary undertaking—in fact, I was writing a novel. So engrossed was I with my task that I had no time to read even the newspaper and was quite ignorant of what was going on in the world. It was a little after 8 o'clock one evening in April that I finished the second volume of my work. I put on my hat and coat and started off for an evening stroll. I had no sooner stepped into the street than a boy accosted me with a bundle of papers under his arm and the request, "Buy an evening paper, sir?" I bought one, put it in my pocket and resumed my walk.

After my return I opened my paper leisurely—nay, lazily. Presently my eye was caught by the following paragraph heading, "Impending Execution of the Cliffield Murderer."
There is a morbid fascination for most people in an execution, and so, yielding to this feeling, I proceeded to read the paragraph:
"The murderer of the unfortunate James Renfrew will be hanged tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. The wretched man, whose name—Charles Fenhurst—is now in everybody's mouth, still persists in his plea of innocence."

Here I became deeply interested. The name of Fenhurst was most familiar to me. I had formed a deep friendship with a man of that name. He was a good 15 years my senior and had died about two years previously. I knew he had a son named Charles, a young fellow noted generally. We had read the same books, visited the same places, and wherever we turned there was new ground of sympathy.

She had only been in London a week and had not visited any place of amusement. I wondered if I could find a chance here of pushing my advantage and approached the subject with delicacy and caution.
But at this point it seemed that the mutual confidence stopped, for she declined to understand my tactics and remarked that her time was too fully occupied to go about much.
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back the levers the strength born of desperation would enable me to master him and then relax them myself. All this flashed across my mind in an instant and I clambered over the railings on the side of the station and found myself on the line.
Even as I reached the rails a semaphore signal that was near me fell left its arm, and the red light was changed into a brilliant green. The express was signalled! Would there be time! I dashed along over the rough sleepers toward the signal box. It was very dark, and I stumbled over and over again. I had cleared half the distance when I heard the ominous roar ahead, and in a few seconds could distinguish the distant glitter of the engine's head lamp bearing toward me. The train was just over a mile from me, rushing on at express speed. With a groan I ejaculated, "Too late!"

At that instant my eye fell upon a ghastly looking structure by the side of the track, looming grimly through the darkness. It resembled a one armed gallow with a man hanging from it! For a moment I thought it must have been a fearful fancy conjured up by the thought of Fenhurst's dreadful fate, but immediately I remembered that this strange looking apparition was none other than a mailbag suspended from a post—in fact, part of the apparatus by which a train going at full speed picks up the mails. The express train that was coming had a postal car attached to it. From the side of the car a strong rope net would be laid out, catching the bag I saw suspended before me.
A mad and desperate idea took possession of me. Fortunately I am a small man. The bag hung just over my head. I jumped at it, seized it, drew myself up parallel with it, held it firmly at the top, where it swung by a hook, and drew my legs up so as to present as small a compass as possible. Then I waited.

It was but a few seconds, but it seemed hours. I heard the roar of the approaching train. Then the engine dashed past me. There was a whirr and a rush, and all was dark.
When I came to my senses I was lying on the floor of the postal van. Two men in their shirt sleeves were busily engaged in sorting letters at a rack. I felt bruised and stiff all over, and I found that my left arm was bound in a sling, and my head aching.
"Where are we?" I asked.
They turned around.
"Oh, you've come to, have you?" said one of them. "Now perhaps you'll give an account of yourself. It's precious lucky you're here at all, let me tell you, for if you had been a taller man we should only have got part of you in the net. As it is, you've got your collar and bone broken. We've tied it up a bit."

I told them the motive that had prompted me to take the desperate step I had done. They piled a quantity of empty mailbags on the floor and made me a rough shakedown.
A little after 8 we drew up at Silchester station. There was a policeman on the platform, and I at once told my story to him, the result being that we drove round to the jail and insisted upon seeing the governor. Of course he was deeply interested in what I had to tell them and at once made arrangements to stop the execution. The home secretary was communicated with by means of special wire. Fortunately he happened to be in town, and after a couple of hours of anxious suspense a reply was received from him.
"Well," said the governor, "I don't know which I ought to congratulate most, Mr. Fenhurst or yourself, for you have both had a most narrow escape."

Little remains to be told. I soon identified the condemned man as the person whom I had met in the train. He also turned out to be the son of my old friend, as I had fully expected. After the due formalities he was discharged. Suspicion having strongly attached itself to his name, however, he was very miserable, until about a fortnight afterward the real murderer was discovered and captured. Charles Fenhurst and myself became firm friends, and although I was fearfully shaken and upset for some weeks after this adventure I never regretted the night on which I picked my way with the mails.—Strand Magazine.

THE DIVER'S DRAMA.
"It was almost enough to craze a man outright," said the old diver.
"Aye, it was a tight fix—that in the Conqueror. She was coming in from the Mediterranean after a three years' cruise with the 'midships,' and went down in a hole a sight of none with every one on board. I was young then and anxious to be the first sent down into her for the sake of the reputation it would give me, for reputation meant money, and money, you see, was the only reason why Hettie and I were deferring our marriage."
The sea was running high as I was carried down in my heavy armor from the deck of the steamer to the float alongside, where the ropes by which to haul me up again were fastened on. The india rubber tube, through which I was to be supplied with air, was adjusted.

"Now, dear boy," said my old friend and instructor, Lot, the famous deep sea diver, who came forward to close the little glass window in my helmet, "take good care of yourself and don't stay long below. The currents are swift."
"I dropped into the waves with a splash, sinking swiftly down through the brilliant sunlit waters, which, though rough and boisterous at the surface, suddenly grew calm as I passed below. I glanced up at the sun, which appeared as a great ball of fire, but, growing smaller and smaller as I sank, and finally seemed like the tiny red spark of a candle and then faded from sight.
I cleared a bank of thick seaweed and stood at last upon the bright sandy bottom.

"Passing around a reef of rocks fancifully honeycombed, I came upon a mass of tangled rigging, and a few steps brought me to the main-of-war half buried where she lay in the sand."
"Great caution was necessary lest I should become entangled among the ropes or caught under the shifting timbers, and making my way slowly to the companionway I sent up the signals:
"I am about to enter the vessel"—"I shall be in danger"—"Play out rope freely," and give me plenty of air."

"I made my way to the lower deck and found myself in the forward cabin. I groped about for the doorway, knowing that once in the main saloon the deck lights would enable me to see more distinctly.
"Clearing the rubbish and drifted sand from about the doorway, I put my shoulder to the door, shoved it back against the waters and resolutely entered. An awful silence was upon everything—a silence as of death. I was alone, at the bottom of the sea, in the saloon of the Conqueror, and close about me were posted, like grim sentinels set to watch me in my work, the officers and crew of 200!"

"Yes, there were the ill fated men as they stood when death overtook them on that awful night, when they were sinking. Before they could reach the stairway the mighty water had rushed upon them and they died where it had met them, at the threshold.
The eddying waters carried them here and there through the cabin, but still so close were they to one another that I had to part them now and then to reach the after cabin, and more than one turned, as I slowly passed along and followed in the wake I made behind me. Their faces were often close against my helmet, and it horrified me to notice that they all were still upon their faces the impress of the terror that had come upon them with death.
"A moment passed and I was terrified at receiving no response from a second or third signal!

"I pulled the rope again violently—waited—still no reply.
"Great heavens! What did it all mean? Had they forgotten me? Were they to leave me there at the bottom of the sea with that awful crew? I no longer realized my helplessness than an uncontrollable terror took possession of me. Surely they would not desert me! Surely they had not forgotten me! I pulled madly at the cord once more, and glancing up perceived that there was something steadily resisting my efforts from the masthead above.
"Was it some monster who was playing with my rope—some great fish that was holding it in his jaws? In my desperation I threw my whole weight on it, and it gave way and fell slowly, silently, on the deck at my feet. The ragged, frayed ends, which had become entangled in the rigging, were in my hands and the upper half of the ropes had floated away with the tide.
"I was alone at the bottom of the sea, with no means of signaling my distress! The india rubber tube, which was my only means of breathing, was yet fast to me, but as soon as they should begin to wind in the ropes and tube, on some supposed signal from me, it would snap in two and the waters would come in upon me.
"My terror grew wilder. I knew the men were close to me—only 30 yards above me—but I must die because I could not reach them. I raved like a madman and tried to tear my armor from me, but its iron rivets held me fast. I shouted piteously, uselessly.
"I fell upon the deck at last, exhausted—in an ominous stupor—a sudden despair—and sank into unconsciousness. When I recovered I was calm—prayer came to my lips.
"I closed my eyes quietly and waited for the death I was powerless to defer; which died on my lips as I sank again on the deck and closed my eyes to a terrible sight before me.
"I had left the cabin door open and freed the imprisoned dead men. One of the dead sailors had floated up to the deck, and, by some horrible chance, the tide bore him directly toward me. Was I to die surrounded once more by those ghastly sentinels as a death watch?"

"He was borne slowly along on the current, his eyes wide open in an awful stare, his arms outstretched as though to embrace me, welcoming me to the unknown world. I fell prostrate on the deck in my terror, but he floated on slowly, the tide casting him up against me, when he fell at my side.
"I caught him in my desperation, to find him from his head to his feet closed about me in an iron embrace, and his face was close to mine—the face of old Lot, the diver, who had come down through the waters to save me, and in whose stout arms I was borne up and carried insensible to the boats above.
"We saw what was wrong right away," he said to me afterward, "when the ragged ends of your rope floated to the surface. There was only one way of reaching you, old fellow, and I can tell you we few around quick. We had no 'bell' to go down to you in, so we fastened some weights to my feet and ropes to my arms. I took a rubber mouthpiece between my teeth and dropped overboard. The water oppressed me fearfully, and I couldn't have stood it more than a few minutes. In that way I found you caught on to my arms and signaled to them to haul us up pretty quick. It was killing me."

"I took his dear hands in mine, and looked into his good, honest eyes. With a swelling heart I told him, in such words as I could, of my gratitude for his heroic efforts when he came down through the waters at the risk of his own life to save mine and my friend's.
"Hettie and I were married a month later."—Chicago Tribune.

The Dutch in Japan, 1640.
The Dutchmen were confined within the narrow bounds of their island prison—which, as Kaempfer tells us, was by his own measuring 236 paces long by 82 paces broad—and shut in by a high palisade topped with spikes. A more monotonous existence could scarcely be conceived. In the earlier days some half dozen ships would arrive during the year, but from the beginning of the eighteenth century not more than one or two annually—generally about September. They had scarcely anchored when the resident, with his retinue, had to set out on his long and costly journey to Tokyo, to deliver the customary presents to the shogun. The humiliations these poor Dutchmen were compelled to undergo are well described by Kaempfer in his immortal history.
"As soon as he (the Resident Van Bruteheim in 1691) came into the emperor's presence the commissioners cried out, 'Oranda Kapitein.' *** Accordingly, he crawled on his hands and knees to a place between the presents and the emperor. *** Then, kneeling, he bowed his forehead quite down to the ground, and so crawled backward like a crab, without uttering one single word. So mean and abject a thing is the audience we have of this mighty monarch."

In the following year, 1692, the new resident, Van Outhorn, was subjected to even greater indignity. "We were commanded," writes Kaempfer, "to sit upright, take off our cloaks, stand up, walk, turn about, sing songs, compliment one another, be angry, etc., and even 'to kiss one another like man and wife, which the ladies of the court showed particularly by their laughter they were well pleased with.'—Atheneum.

Something Like Red Tape.
It is stated that an opacitic star of some note connected with one of the principal Moscow theaters, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport countersigned by the local authorities. The presiding official received her politely, and having learned her business, inquired for her "written petition."
"My written petition!" cried the lady. "I have none. I never knew that anything of the kind was required."
"Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it."
"What am I to do, then?"
"Nothing easier. Be good enough to take this sheet of paper and write according to my dictation."
The applicant obeyed, and transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence from the city for a stated time, which was then duly signed, folded and sealed.
"And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it."
"To whom, pray?"
"To whom?" echoed the official, with a slight smile at the absurdity of the question. "To me, of course."
The document was accordingly handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal, gravely read over his own composition from beginning to end, folded it and docketed it with methodical slowness, and then, turning to the impatient artist, said, with an air of official solemnity:
"Madam, I have read your petition, and regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."—Moscow Correspondence.

Eating in an Oven.
Some years ago a Spaniard named Martines gave one of the most extraordinary exhibitions on record. It was at the New Tivoli, in Paris, in the presence of an audience of scientific men, who have placed his genuineness beyond doubt. A large oven had been heated by a furnace for several hours. This the Spaniard entered, clothed in flannel trousers and shirt, a large cloak of the same material and a felt sombrero. He sang a song while a fowl was roasted by his side, and at the end of 15 minutes came out again, the thermometer registered between 292 degrees and 312 degrees F., or about 100 degrees above the temperature of boiling water.
He entered the oven a second time and ate the fowl which had been roasted beside him. After a short pause he was shut in, lying on a board surrounded by candles. After awhile the audience raised a cry of "Enough!"
The door was opened. The oven was found to be full of a noxious, suffocating odor of boiling tallow, the sole survival of the candles. The Spaniard came out, and after a cold bath was well and strong. His pulse, when the door was first opened, beat 176 to the minute.—Madrid Correspondence.

Paris in the Fourth Century.
I found myself one winter in my dear Lutetia (thus do the Gauls name the city of the Parisii). It occupies an island in the middle of a river; bridges connect it with the two banks. Rarely does the river increase or diminish; such as it is in the summer, so it remains in the winter; they willingly drink the pure water which sparkles so gayly before one's eyes. As the Parisii live on an island, it would be difficult for them to procure other water. The temperature of winter is mild, being, say the people of the country, to the warmth of the ocean, which, not being distant more than 900 stadia, sends a warm air as far as Lutetia; the sea water is in fact less cold than the fresh water. For this reason, or for another which I do not know, of things are thus. The winter there is very soft to the inhabitants of this land. The soil bears good vines. The Parisii even possess the art of growing figs by incasing them as with a garment in barley straw and by using other means of which they avail themselves to shelter the trees from the inclemency of the weather.—From "The Roman Emperor Julian."

Minks Banish Snakes.
Water moccasins were formerly numerous in the region close to Taylor, La. In recent years they have become scarce, while minks have increased in numbers. Old hunters there say that the mink is the deadly enemy of the snake, and that in a fight the quadruped always comes off victorious.

Seemingly sane women are every day dragged down into an engulfing ocean of despair, because they try to fight disease without help. They wear their whole bodies out battling with some debilitating disease of the organs distinctly feminine. They become weak and pale and thin and worn, enduring a martyrdom of pain.

Help is at hand for those who choose to take it. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will infallibly cure womanly ills. It is designed for that purpose alone. It acts directly and quickly on

Horse Department.

Get the colts to eating oats and drinking skimmed milk. Four quarts of each daily will keep in good condition and make steady growth.

Don't leave the young stock out in the fields and pastures these cold nights. There's loss rather than profit in such a course. The colts kept in good condition all the while will be the easiest and cheapest kept horse at maturity.

There are more foals of '96 in Maine than came to the barns in 1895, and they ought to be better ones, for experience has been teaching and the market affording some remarkable object lessons, during these days. Speed, unless extreme, must take its place as second to road horse value from this time on.

Don't harness the colts until thoroughly halter broken and ready to obey. Make haste slowly and there will be few mistakes. The end to be gained is the safe, sound, prompt driving road horse, and colts left to themselves are not to be educated in a day. Commence now to halter break and educate along the lines of future service.

Pretty tricks taught the colts are sure to be vices in the mature horse. It is a pity that the first teacher could not be the only one to suffer the penalty for his own misdeeds. Men and women teach their children to make up faces, and afterward whip for the same act, perhaps with fairly good results, but unfortunately the colts cannot talk it over and be made to see the folly of the former act.

There is such a thing as overfeeding on grain and milk, getting the stock so fat that all the tendencies will be turned in that direction, and growth be checked. The colts overfat, like the one underfed, cannot grow. One suffers from excess, which obstructs. The other from lack of food. So long as the hair is bright, skin loose, and the colts active, it will thrive. It is not fat which increases size, but bone, muscle and flesh. Of these three one cannot have too much, provided they be backed by exercise.

At one of our fairs this year a pair of matched horses were brought to the track for examination, each one wearing quarter and interfering boots on every foot, and at another a stallion at the head of a large establishment, and claimed to be the best stock horse in the State, was brought out and paraded wearing long ankle boots to support the joints and keep the legs from trembling. It surely seems as though there was a call for lifting the standard of qualifications in the show ring as well as stable.

When Mr. J. S. Sanborn threw down the gauntlet at Rigby during the New England Fair, and offered to match his half blood French Coach, two, three and four-year-olds, for any sum, he putting up two dollars for one, and the judge in the stand to pick the colts of his stable, races to be two, three or four miles, where were the breeders that they feared not respond? Can it be that they do the contest? Such an opportunity to test the question of endurance should not have gone unnoticed. That it did so pass must be accepted as evidence of respect for the colts at Elmwood.

The Breeder's Gazette is firm in the belief that the haphazard breeding of the past ten years has had much to do with the depression in the horse market. But for the deluge of cheap and common stuff prices would never have reached their present level, and even the abundance of inferior grades has not sufficed to bring down the prices of good horses proportionately. Farmers who have been careless in their breeding, those who have patronized cheap sires in the deluded belief that they were practicing economy, have themselves to blame for much of the unsatisfactory condition of the horse market.

The question of horse-breeding is almost as difficult of solution in this country as horse-racing was two years ago. In France, the breeding of horses is regulated by the State, and the pure bred has a better chance of showing his good qualities than in this country, where each individual breeder regulates his stable to suit himself alone. Bad mating does not happen so often in France as in the United States, as a result of the different methods; and the average is higher in the former than in the latter country. The French breeders, instead of mating horses and mares which have been good winners on the turf, choose them entirely for their breeding qualities, and by using only the choicest strains, they reach the highest type. Good turfmen are realizing that it is not a paying method to invest in the brothers and sisters of fast horses, and at some of the recent sales have the shrewd buyers rushed in to secure these relatives at fancy prices. Many of the high-priced brothers and sisters of fast racers, that brought fancy figures a few years ago, have not won a dollar for their owners, and have changed hands at a greatly reduced rate, or sunk into oblivion through neglect.

The interest so clearly manifested in the attempt made to provide a parade of fancy hitches at the State Fair, indicates the drift of public thought, and suggests the steps necessary to be taken in the future. It may be that the simple exhibition of stock has lost something of its attractiveness, sure it is that society can hardly afford to maintain liberal premiums for classes where breeders manifest so little interest, and to other lines and features attention must be given. The introduction of the fancy hitches in the main parade provided by Mr. J. S. Sanborn last year, created a demand for something of this nature, and the attempt was made to continue the same, with the result that everybody was pleased. Something more than the horse and a bright harness was called for, and the premiums were awarded to the horse, harness and carriage, the object being to introduce the new and novel hitches so popular on the parks and fashionable driveways of the large cities. These classes must

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be increased, as they will afford entertainment as well as instruction, and aid materially in promoting the road horse industry of the State, a feature now sadly neglected. Less of showing to the public, and it is along these lines that the treasury of the societies are to be filled.

A FINE DISPLAY.

Northern New Hampshire can turn out not only a fine class of stock, but horses and colts of the richest breeding. While the display was not large, and not to be expected, the quality was fine. This is largely due to the enterprise manifested by Dr. Gerald of Laconia, Hon. Warren Daniels of Franklin, and Hon. J. B. Clark of Manchester, and these gentlemen with many others have put out money freely all these years. Dr. Gerald has in Gloucester a stallion of great worth as an individual, and equally so as a sire of stylish colts possessing a high rate of speed. In Ad Maiden by Palo Alto he has a beautiful colt just maturing into a grand specimen of a horse. A weanling by this horse out of a beautiful mare by Mambrino King would please the most expert horseman.

Perhaps the choicest specimen shown was a black yearling by Arion, and following close, another by Aristos. One could hardly criticize the Arion colt, and if he is the sample of his get, his reputation in the stud will be far greater than on the track. Cleveland, by Sir Walter, is another well put out animal, rich in breeding, his dam being by Jubilee Lambert, a horse of great substance and good action. His colts pleased us in that while perhaps not quite as fine in some parts, they gave evidence of great energy, and abundance of staying qualities.

A three year old by Ralph Wilkes was large and very speedy, another by Chimes was an almost perfect reproduction of a Morgan, and though a little under size, as trappy and clean in action as one could wish for.

A four year old by Ambassador, dam by Dictator Chief, as a pacer, was fast and large, lacking in evidence of substance. Barney Red Lown by Red Wilkes, dam by Strathmore, was another large horse carrying the Wilkes conformation. Geneva Wilkes by Alcantara, Iry Wilkes by Don Wilkes, and colts by Charley Wilkes were among those shown, while the brood mares traced to good stock, a number of them being daughters of Mambrino Wilkes. One pair of bays, six and seven, by the Wilkes, were grand specimens.

Looking over the field, watching the carriages come and go, noting the quality of the matched pairs and road horses, the conclusion was forced upon us that Northern New Hampshire is freer from the raft of dead, cold blooded Western chucks than Central Maine, and that the demand for choice horses continues to increase, and interest be again awakened in breeding, the curse of cold blood will not be evident there to the extent it must be with us.

Perhaps the few which gave greatest satisfaction were pairs of old fashioned Morgans, a little under size, perhaps, for the demands of today, but so full of life, energy and substance as to overshadow many more fashionably bred animals.

Taken as a whole, the exhibit, in quality, was a credit to the central and northern portions of the Granite State, and spoke volumes for the faith and perseverance, as well as skill of her breeders.

HOW HORSES CHANGE.

When we persistently advocated larger size for our small American horses, our trotting horse friends urged speed and speed alone, and bred thousands of worthless little trotters that for lack of both size and speed have been sacrificed in the slump for less than cost of feed and service fee and often less than either.

The markets for years have been growing into the improved breeds with size, style and beauty. Size and beauty are the important elements in all classes of horses for luxury and for work. The Horse World says:

It was not so very long ago that the only qualification a stallion needed was to be a sire of speed, but time works wonders with horses as well as with other things, and now the first thing you will hear a man say when looking for a sire is, "How heavy is he, and does he size good sized colts?" Experience has taught that about one in 20 of the offspring from our best sires develops speed enough to go to the races with, and the question naturally comes, what will we do with the other 19-20ths. One only has to go to any of the large breeding farms of the country to have this question answered to his entire satisfaction. He will always find the small ones running out in paddocks and the larger ones conspicuous by their absence. The latter have found ready buyers and are doing duty as carriage horses, and in a great many other ways are they made useful, all of which tells its own story and forms an object lesson that need not be enlarged upon. It teaches one thing,

if nothing more—that ponies are practically worth nothing without speed.

201-2.

Surely if slowly horses are nearing what has so long been considered the limit of speed not to be reached in this generation.

The story of the great race told below is one of interest to every lover of the noble horse. It stamps the runner king of the turf, for his honors were now in a battle royal.

They were given the word on the second score, Pointer on the pole. They started very level and held the position from the wire to the half-mile pole. With Gentry at Star Pointer's saddle. Andrews let out a loop and Gentry closed up the distance, but a moment later went back to Pointer's seat.

As they sped around into the home stretch the stallions were as if in one harness. Then with a furious drive the Fleetwood record holder pushed his nose ahead and won the heat in 2:03 1/2.

The second heat was called at 4 o'clock. At that time quite a breeze was blowing, and this seemed to dampen all hopes of a record breaking performance. The horses were given the word on the first score, and a more magnificent race was never witnessed.

They went along as one horse to the 3/4 pole, when Star Pointer, who was on the outside straining every muscle, managed to show his head in front. Into the stretch they came, and as Andrews shook up his horse, Gentry by a wonderful burst of speed flew past his rival, passing under the wire a full length in front in the time of 2:01 1/2.

Every person in the vast assemblage went wild with enthusiasm, for it seemed even before the time was posted that a record had gone down.

After such a wonderful performance the third heat proved somewhat of a disappointment. They got off on the first score, and after traveling the first half neck and neck Star Pointer went back to Gentry's wheel. He closed again to the stretch, when Andrews again made his drive and Gentry took the third heat in 2:05 1/2.

The summary:

MATCH RACE: STAKE \$5000; PURSE \$500; FACING.

John R. Gentry, b. s., by Ashland Wilkes, dam by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Star Pointer, b. s., by Brown Hall, dam by Woodbury, 2 2 2
Time—2:03 1/2, 2:01 1/2, 2:05 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:03 1/4; three-quarters, 1:32 1/4; mile, 2:03 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:01 1/4; three-quarters, 1:32 1/4; mile, 2:01 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:04 1/4; three-quarters, 1:33 1/4; mile, 2:05 1/2.

TROTTER AT GORHAM FAIR.

The Cumberland County Fair at Gorham had all the attractions which go to make a fair a success.

2:27 CLASS, PACING—PURSE \$200.
Tack Hamner, Morrill, b. s., Sumner and Woodbury, 8 0 1 1 1
General Mack, b. s., by Woodbury, 1 2 3 2 3
Gentry, b. s., by Woodbury, 4 5 2 4 2
Black, b. s., by Woodbury, 2 3 0 3 3
Prize, b. s., by Woodbury, 3 2 4 4 6
Sarah Fuller, b. m., Nelson, 7 8 6 6 0
Van Buren, b. s., by Woodbury, 3 4 7 4 7
Elden, ch. w. m., by Woodbury, 6 7 8 8 0
Time—2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:03 1/4; three-quarters, 1:32 1/4; mile, 2:03 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:01 1/4; three-quarters, 1:32 1/4; mile, 2:01 1/2.

Time by quarter—First quarter, 31 3/4; half mile, 1:04 1/4; three-quarters, 1:33 1/4; mile, 2:05 1/2.

2:28 CLASS, TROTTER—PURSE \$200.
Goldfish, ch. m., G. Woodbury, 6 1 3 1 1
Arthur, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 2 3 2 3
Ned Allen, ch. m., Jordan, 2 4 2 2 2
Emma, b. m., by Woodbury, 3 5 2 3 3
Nana, b. m., by Woodbury, 3 5 2 3 3
China Boy, b. k., by Woodbury, 3 5 2 3 3
Time—2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

2:40 CLASS, TROTTER—PURSE \$200.
Dell, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Wilkes, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Arthur, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Gentry, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Nelle, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Time—2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

2:40 CLASS, TROTTER—PURSE \$200.
Victor, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Eula, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Eugene, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Baby Mine, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Maud, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Baby Wilkes, b. s., by Woodbury, 1 1 1 1 1
Time—2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2.

In every industry there are certain leaders, in every profession there are certain masters, recognized as such by the quality of their productions. Quality is a condition of permanent notoriety. Quality at the lowest price for which quality can be bought, invariably secures popularity. Possibly that is why the Magee Ranges are usually pointed to as the standard of the world, unapproached in any cooking quality. The public is quick to appreciate a good thing. The Magee Furnace Co., Boston, will send, we are told, interesting details of their cooking and heating apparatus.

HUNGARIAN HORSES.

The Hungarians are a horse-loving people. Their great military horse, the Hungarian Juker, is a handsome, hardy, courageous horse with much of the Arabian blood.

An imposing spectacle was witnessed at Buda-Pesth, on the great day of the Millennial Exhibition. The equine stock in the cavalcade were a sight well worth seeing, and the style all that could be desired. The magnates and nobles from the provinces brought with them mounted servants and out-riders, and even the richer peasants figured astride on splendid horses. In the procession of the crown jewels it appears that every Hungarian who can afford the time likes to be present, and all the communities within the dual kingdom sent well-mounted messengers to represent them.

The heralds rode milk-white horses, all caparisoned in silver, with silver nets and silver sequins on their heads; and the leader of the Banderium (or mounted escort of the crown) was surpassed in splendor by the adornments of his steed. It is computed that 8,000 riders appeared in the procession, and they rode cleverly, managing to keep their spirited mounts well in hand. Only a nation of horse-men like the Hungarians, who have the Suseta to practice upon, could turn out such studs of first-class horses, and such a number of riders to match them. The golden coach with the crown was drawn by six white horses with all the paraphernalia of the 17th century upon them. The gorgeous spectacle in Buda-Pesth almost eclipsed the recent coronation ceremonies in Moscow.

RACES AT BETHEL.

Summary:

2:40 CLASS—PURSE \$100.
Don Carlo, b. m., by Woodbury, 3 3 3
Nelle, b. m., by Woodbury, 2 2 2
H.C. Swann, b. m., by Woodbury, 2 2 2
Mollie, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Tommy, b. m., by Woodbury, 4 4 4
Time—2:29 1/2, 2:33 1/2, 2:37 1/2.

3:00 TROT AND PACE—PURSE \$100.
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
A.G. Roberts, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
T.H. Burgess, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
Time—2:34 1/2, 2:35 1/2, 2:36 1/2.

2:28 CLASS—PURSE \$150.
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
J.C. Swann, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
Hector Boone, by Venture, 2 2 2
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
J.C. Swann, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
Time—2:27 1/2, 2:29 1/2, 2:27 1/2, 2:27 1/2.

2:35 CLASS—PURSE \$125.
Mollie, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Roberts, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
J.C. Swann, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Hector Boone, by Venture, 2 2 2
W.R. Chapman, b. m., by W.R. G. Griffin, 1 1 1
Time—2:31 1/2, 2:34 1/2, 2:34 1/2.

2:22 CLASS—PURSE \$150.
Belle Wilkes, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Nicholas, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Bully Crocker, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Evelyn, b. m., by Woodbury, 1 1 1
Time—2:23 1/2, 2:25 1/2, 2:24 1/2, 2:25 1/2.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Dr. J. C. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be the only man who can cure Catarrh of the bladder, and all business transactions financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

Wm. & T. W. Kinnear, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Honest Sweden.

The Swedes are punctiliously honest and truthful. When asking for places at a dinner, for instance, the tickets clerk never fails to inform the applicant if, owing to the crowded state of the house, a better position would be secured with a cheaper ticket than the one asked for.

Again, when parcels are taken out by steamers from Stockholm to country places in the neighborhood, they are just thrown on to the quay, where they frequently remain half the day without being claimed. It never seems to occur to any one that they could be possibly taken by any one but their rightful owners.

On a canal trip of any length a little book lies in the saloon of the steamer in which each passenger keeps his own account of the number of meals and drinks that he has taken during the journey.

A Health Resort.

The healthfulness of Lynton, a summer resort in Devon, England, is advertised by this story:

Recently a visitor began to talk to an old man at Lynton and asked him just age, whereupon he said, "I am just over 70."

"Well," said the visitor, "you look as if you had a good many years to live yet. At what age did your father die?"

"Father died," said the man, looking surprised. "Father isn't dead. He's up stairs putting grandfather to bed."

Knew Their Place.

An Irish judge tells the following story of one of the juries in the month of Ireland, where he was trying a case: The usher of the court proclaimed with due solemnity the usual formula, "Gentlemen of the jury, take your proper places in the court!" whereupon seven of them instinctively walked into the dock.—Boston Green Bay.

Poultry Department.

Eggs are in demand. Shall they come from the home farms, or from producers out of the State?

Get the egg machines in working order as soon as possible, for the golden harvest is at hand when the ratio of profit will be large.

Put the plow or spade into every portion of the poultry yards, and see how the hens will thank you. These implements are of great value in warding off disease. Don't allow them to rust.

It is time the pullets were singing their song and telling their story of egg production. If they are quiet and idle, something is wrong at headquarters. Look them over and note conditions and actions.

The hen industry is not one to be tampered with, else there will be loss instead of gain, but he who seeks to master the details will never know what it is to be without loose change in his pocket.

The old hen flew from her nest and cackled loud and long. "When eggs are nine cents a dozen," said the old rooster, eyeing the performance with languid disapproval, "it is a ridiculous exhibition of vanity to make all that fuss over one egg."

If possible get a supply of sheep's heads from the butcher. Split these open and crush with an axe, and you have the very best animal food possible for the hens. It is better even than green bones, as it carries a meat supply sufficient. Through some of the least expensive sources the best egg food is to be obtained. It will pay to provide these heads whenever possible.

The experience of former years has again been repeated, and the proprietors of the large summer resorts have been obliged to supply their tables with eggs and poultry from Boston, simply because the home supply was inadequate. All the while men have been waiting for an opportunity to earn a living, and in spite of what may be seen will wait while others outside gather in the dollars.

Lay in a good stock of rough, coarse gravel. The hens must have teeth every day in the year, and nothing will take the place of the gravel. Broken crockery will answer in part, but a few hours time will save a supply far better. No man deserves eggs in winter who will not take the time to provide grinding material in abundance for the gizzards of each individual hen.

The frosts will soon touch the ripening leaves, and as they drop it will be well to remember that they form the best possible litter for the hen pens. There can be nothing better than dead leaves, and the larger the supply the better for the hens from December to May, and the manure pile next year. Gather and store for winter use all the leaves possible.

Unless a man is so situated as to have access to heads of sheep freshly killed, he will, if keeping fifty hens find that a bone cutter will pay before the buds start in 1897. Never mind if corn and oats are cheap they cannot take the place of the bones freshly ground. Don't make the sad mistake of depending on ground bone found in the market. It differs materially from the fresh article in its structure and value for eggs.

There is no danger that the "fever" will switch men off from the well established breeds and lead to investments in new varieties, the real value of which cannot be known. For this reason it is safe to urge that beginners hold firmly to the few classes of recognized merit in northern New England, and leave to the specialists the fun of developing fancies. The dollar and cent side of the business does not allow room for experimentation, unless one aims at being a fancier.

Now is the time to secure the pure bred male for next year's breeding. Buy of a reliable breeder, and look well to form and size as well as breeding. Having bought, give the bird a roomy pen, plenty of fresh water, oats, wheat and vegetables, a supply of gravel, grit and bones, but keep him by himself until the last of January. You will then have a better bird in every respect than could otherwise be possible. The quality and propensity of next year's male will settle very largely the results of the year's breeding.

These should be busy days with the poultry breeder, for winter is approaching at a rapid stride, and some things must be attended to before Jack Frost lays his hand upon mother earth. One of these is to put in a bountiful supply of road dust for winter use. No one step will do more to insure health than the dust bath, and this must be freshened frequently. Put in enough for the floorings and roosts so that all may be covered daily, the more the better. Store up the fine, dry road dust in boxes, barrels, or bins, and then use it liberally.

GATHER UP THE CLOVER.

The farmer who neglects to gather the second crop clover for his hens to feed on in winter robes his own pocket book and should be arrested, tried and convicted.

WHY IS IT that practical painters everywhere use and recommend Pure White Lead and Pure Linseed Oil? Simply because they know their business, have a reputation to maintain, and cannot afford to use or recommend anything else. To be sure of getting

Pure White Lead

examine the brand (see list genuine brands). Any shade or color is readily obtained by using NATIONAL LEAD CO.'s brands of Pure White Lead Tinting Colors.

Pamphlet giving valuable information and card showing samples of colors free; also cards showing pictures of twelve houses of different designs painted in various styles or combinations of shades forwarded upon application to those intending to paint.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.

Augusta Safe Deposit AND TRUST CO.

No. 300 Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

TRUSTEES.

J. MANCHESTER HAYNES, PRES.
EDWIN C. BURNHAM, VICE PRES.
PAYSON TUCKER, CLERK.
W. H. GANNETT, ASST. CLERK.
H. H. BLAKE, TREASURER.
F. W. KINSMAN, J. J. CHICKER.
J. W. LEAVY, J. W. BOYD.
ORRIN WILLIAMSON, W. SCOTT HILL.
ISA H. RANDALL, G. T. STEVENS.

Deposits Received Subject to Check and INTEREST PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCES.

In Savings Department, interest paid QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on Deposits remaining THREE MONTHS or more. Interest computed from the 1st and 15th of each month.

All Deposits Subject to Check and Strictly Confidential.

High Grade Bonds and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.

Burglar & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes To Let.

F. E. SMITH, Treas.
Banking Hours 9 to 4 daily. Saturdays 9 to 12:30 P. M.

FOUR TO ONE!

Our wonderful success with the leading railroads, has led some people to think our farm trade had been secured. This is a mistake, as our books show that for every 100 miles sold at Augusta, 400 miles have gone to the farmers. Railroad men buy from us because it suits adjoining farmers.

PAGE WOVEN WIRE FENCE CO., Adrian, Mich.

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.

A CERTAIN INSTRUMENT, purporting to be the last will and testament of JORAH H. GURLEY, late of Kennebec County, Maine, deceased, having been presented for probate: ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved and allowed, as the last will and testament of the said deceased.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 45

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.

A. E. EOLLY, Trustee of ELYRIA BONHUS of Yassollet, in an account having been settled his third account as said Trustee for Attorneys.

ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 45

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.

CATHERINE YOUNG, Guardian of GEORGE T. YOUNG of Chelsea, in said county, minor, having presented her first annual account of Guardianship of said ward for allowance: ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 45

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.

ALLEN J. YOUNG, Administrator on the estate of GEORGE T. YOUNG, late of Chelsea, in said county, in an account having been settled his first account of administration of said estate: ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of September next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate, then to be held at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the same should not be allowed.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register. 45

Kennebec County, In Probate Court at Augusta, on the fourth Monday of August, 1896.



Before Retiring....

take Ayer's Pills, and you will sleep better and wake in better condition for the day's work. Ayer's Cathartic Pills have no equal as a pleasant and effective remedy for constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and all liver troubles. They are sugar-coated, and so perfectly prepared, that they cure without the annoyances experienced in the use of so many of the pills on the market. Ask your druggist for Ayer's Cathartic Pills. When other pills won't help you, Ayer's is

THE PILL THAT WILL

ADAMSON'S

COUGH BALM

CURES

COUGHS

COLDS ASTHMA

HAY FEVER

AND ALL DISEASES LEADING TO

CONSUMPTION

Regular Sizes 35¢ & 75¢

KENNEBEC STEAMBOAT CO.

FOR BOSTON!

Daily Service, COMMENCING June 15, 1896

ST. DELLA COLLINS will leave Augusta at 1:30 P. M. for Boston, connecting with the Boston & Maine Steamer Co. line.

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Items of General News.

After a precarious existence of a little more than a year, the firm of John Mc-Clave & Sons, manufacturers of and dealers in bicycles, New York city, have made an assignment.

Official returns show that the democratic majority in Arkansas is 30,000 instead of 50,000, as first reported. The increase in the vote for the republican ticket over 1894 is about 20,000.

There was a fearful storm, Wednesday, along the New England coast. Five were wrecked at Point Judith, Providence, R. I. The wind at one time reached a velocity of eighty miles an hour. Numerous vessels were driven ashore at Vineyard Haven, Mass.

By a collapse of a bridge on the Arrola and Mad River railway five miles from Eureka, Cal., Sunday afternoon, an accommodation train was precipitated in the bed of the creek below. Four persons were killed outright and a number of tripmen seriously wounded, some of whom will die.

W. B. Johnson and John Wilbourn, two prominent farmers, fought a duel with Winchester rifles at 50 yards near Coffeyville, Miss., Wednesday, which resulted in the death of John Wilbourn. An old feud had existed between the men. Wilbourn had been arrested. He claims that it was a case of self defense.

By the proffered use of another half million dollars' worth of property, the University of Chicago is now in the way to possess the finest inland lake biological station in the world. This magnificent station, situated on the shore of Lake Michigan, is due to Mrs. Edward Roby, E. A. Shedd and C. B. Shedd.

The seventy-second annual communication of the Sovereign Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows will be held at Dallas, Texas, beginning September 21 and closing the 29th. The Sovereign Grand Lodge is composed of representatives from every Grand Lodge of the United States and the United States and British provinces.

The imperial government, wishing to secure public order at Constantinople, has decided to send back to their native places all individuals with no occupation, who came from the provinces. The gift of individuals, however, may attempt to return to the capital, the Sublime Porte has transmitted to the authorities of the provinces express orders to increase this vigilance.

A terrible electrical storm visited Gloversville, N. Y., and vicinity, about 6 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Much damage was caused. Henry O. Burdick, aged 60 years, residing a mile north of the city, was struck by lightning while on his piazza and killed. His body was carried into the house, and when it was about to be laid on the bed it was found that the latter had been hit by the fatal stroke. Lightning set fire to the same bed several years ago, while Burdick and his wife were asleep, and injured the latter's foot. Several barns in the vicinity of the city were struck and consumed by fire.

A cyclone of great power passed over the city of Paris on Thursday afternoon, doing much damage in the center of the city. A number of vehicles were blown over and trees torn up by the roots. The windows of the Palais de Justice were blown in, compelling a suspension of the sittings of the courts. The rain fell in torrents. Several persons were killed in the storm. The roofs of the Hotel de Ville and the Opera House were blown off. Traffic in the streets was stopped two hours. The wind blew with hurricane force. The west end of the city wholly escaped the fury of the storm, but that ward along the riverway much destruction was caused. Between Pont St. Michael and Pont Neuf large trees were torn out of the ground and blown into the Seine. Many persons passing across the bridge or along the riverfront were caught up by the wind and thrown into the river, from which they were rescued.

A lesson from Africa. Sometimes valuable information about ourselves comes from unexpected sources. A leading organ of the Methodist Church contributes the following interesting note about American baking powders all the way from Africa.

Rev. Bishop William Taylor, for several years Methodist Bishop of Africa, says that the red label of the Royal Baking Powder so familiar to every housekeeper in America, is quite as well known, and the powder as highly prized in every part of that continent to which civilization has extended. The Royal Baking Powder was taken to South Africa a great many years ago by Mr. Robinson, a missionary. But its use soon spread beyond the missions, and it came to be regarded as a necessity by all the people of the country, particularly the valuable in the mines and upon the ranches, and frequently sold at interior stations for a dollar a pound.

Another interesting statement is that the tropical climate of Africa does not, for instance, the superintendent of our mission in Angola, a work that is financially maintained on commercial lines, reported that he could not hold his trade with anything but the Royal Baking Powder. He is using it in forty mission stations in Africa.

This natural test demonstrates more forcibly than a chemical analysis could the difference between the different baking powders in their combination and actual practical value. The maintenance of its strength and freshness under all climatic conditions is evidence that the Royal Powder is more accurately made and composed of purer and better ingredients. Such a powder only will give uniform results in perfect foods and prove of the greatest economy in saving flour, butter and other articles used in their production.

Hood Farm Winners. At the New England Fair held in Portland, Me., the Hood Farm Jerseys were on exhibition in a special tent and attracted the utmost attention from spectators. The Hood Farm Berkshires were entered for prizes, and won the following: Best pair of any age, Duke III, of Hood Farm, best first prize; Sweet Sixteen, second prize. Best sow with litter of piglets, Duke IV, of Hood Farm, first prize; Duke V, second prize.

The sales of Jerseys made at Portland included a bull calf which was purchased by N. E. Morrill of Buckfield, Me. This calf was purchased by the Morrill family for \$100.00. A Berkshire boar pig was also sold to Mr. Morrill.

At Lewiston where the Jerseys and Berkshires were also exhibited, Alonzo Roby of Westbrook, Me., purchased Duke I, of Hood Farm, by Hood Farm, best pair of any age, Duke III, of Hood Farm, best first prize; Sweet Sixteen, second prize. Best sow with litter of piglets, Duke IV, of Hood Farm, first prize; Duke V, second prize.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

REPORT ON SWEETSTAKE DAIRY PREMIUM AT MAINE STATE FAIR.

TEST MADE SEPTEMBER 2, 1896.

FOUR COWS BREED FOR BUTTER.

Breed.	Age.	Birth of Last Calf.	Use to Calves.	Milk Yield.	% Fat.	Lbs. of Fat.
S. M. King, So. Paris, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	7 years	February, April.	Not.	24.3	5.3	1.297
Isaac Glenwood, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	3	"	"	25.8	4.2	1.083
Isaac Glenwood, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	3	"	"	24.1	3.1	.747
W. B. GARY, So. Turner, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	7 years	August.	Not.	40.4	4.4	1.760
Bess, Olive, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	6	"	"	37.4	4.4	1.646
Stella, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	6	"	"	37.9	4.9	1.896
JAMES B. READ, Bowdoinham, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	8 years	July.	Not.	34.9	4.4	1.536
Joseph of New Sweden, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	3	"	"	31.1	4.2	1.367
Nellie Bly, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	3	"	"	22.4	6.3	.906
John F. BUCKER, Bowdoin, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	6 years	August.	Not.	32.1	3.6	1.155
Lottie Gibson, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	4	"	"	31.5	3.6	1.137
Silkey of Meadow Brook, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	3	"	"	30.1	4.6	1.384
Janice, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	3	"	"	22.4	6.3	.906
James B. READ, Bowdoinham, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	8 years	July.	Not.	34.9	4.4	1.536

BUTTER PRODUCING COW.

A. P. RUSSELL, Leeds, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	6 years	July.	Not.	28.9	4.4	1.271
C. F. COBB, So. Turner, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	7 years	July.	Not.	35.0	5.2	1.820
W. C. WHITMAN, So. Turner, Me.—Jersey, M. S. J. H.	6 years	July.	Not.	32.7	5.4	1.765
D. W. CLARK, Portland, Me.—Guernsey	6 years	May.	Mar.	18.8	4.8	.902

MILK PRODUCING COW.

I. T. CARVILLE, Teakoske, Me.—Holstein.	12 years	July 15.	Not.	34.1		
E. E. CARVILLE, Lewiston, Me.—Holstein.	5 years	July 15.	Not.	47.8		
F. J. LIBBY, Richmond, Me.—Holstein.	9 years	July.	Not.	56.3		
Aggie Lee, Jerrold, Me.—Holstein.	9 years	July.	Not.	45.7		

S. M. KING'S SPECIAL.

S. M. King, So. Paris, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	4 years	April.	Not.	26.8	4.2	1.083
Lonnie Wheeler, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	7 years	July.	Not.	35.0	5.2	1.820

C. F. COBB'S SPECIAL.

C. F. COBB, So. Turner, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	3 years	August 1.	Not.	11.2	5.5	.616
Happy Landseer, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	3 years	May.	Not.	7.6	5.6	.426
Bonnie Lucy, Jerrold, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	3 years	April.	Not.	6.8	4.2	.285
G. D. GROVER, Peru, Me.—Jersey, A. J. C. C.	2 years	August.	Not.	10.9	4.0	.436

Cobb's special was for A. J. C. C. heifers, three years old or younger, the milk of the morning only to be taken.

In the four-cow test, Mr. Carr's two cows, Betty J. and Stella, are taken together, as the milk mixed their milk by mistake.

Leveiston, Sept. 3.

The Markets.

REPORT OF WATERTOWN AND BRIGHTON LIVE STOCK MARKET.

(Specially Reported for the Maine Farmer.)

LIVE STOCK YARDS, Sept. 15, 1896.

Maine Drovers.

At Watertown.

At Brighton.

At Watertown.

At Brighton.

At Watertown.

At Brighton.

At Watertown.

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for corn and oats, and prices were in buyers' favor.

Corn on the track here is quoted at 30¢ per bushel for steamer yellow. Shippers offer Chicago No. 2 yellow to arrive at 20¢/bushel, and No. 3 at 19¢.

Oats were in moderate demand on the spot, with sales